Or what the cause could be. The parlor was a pleasant little room ; The chambers song and light, The kitchen was quite nest and cheerful too,

Although 'twas almost night. My mind was somewhat in a thoughtful mood, So on a broken chair,

I sat me down to moralize awhile Upon the silence there. How many changing scenes of life, thought I, This solitude recalls ! Juy's ringing laugh and sorrow's smothered mosn,

Have echoed from these walls! Here in this parlor, jovial friends have met On many a winter's night!

Hipe ale has feamed, and this old rusty grate Sent forth a cheerful light. fiel what are they to whom this was a home?

How wide have they been cast, Who gathered here around the war al board, And sported in days past? How many distant memories have turned

To this deserted spot! Revalling errors and reviving joys That cannot be forgot!

Young love may here have heaven its dying sigh, When angry words were spoken; Isomertic tyranny may here have reigned, And tender hearts have broken.

Perchance some mother, as she passes by, May rast's lingering gaze Upon the scene of many a happier hour, The home of her young days.

And what are they, who next will find this void With bosy, noisy life? 4 Will this become a home of happy peace, (or one of wretched strife?

In suber thought, I left the silent house, And gladly sought my own ; And when I passed next week, upon the door I saw the name of-Brown.

### CHRISTINE, AWAKE!

The following extract is from Barriers Burned Away, by Rev. P. Roc. (late Chaplain in the Army), lately published in one vol., large 12mo, nearly 500 pages, handsomely bound in extra cloth, black and gold. Price \$1.75. Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway, New York, will send it by mail, post-paid, pn receipt of price.

This stirring story has been running through the columns of a prominent weekly paper, and is fast winning its way to an unexampled popularity.

The Seventh Thousand is now selling. Sales since its publication have averaged One Thousand a week.

Dennis was too much stunned and bewildered to do more than instinctively work his way to the windward as the only point of safety, but the fire was now becoming so broad in its sweep that to do this was difficult. The awful event he had witnessed seemed to partially paralyze him; for he knew that the oath, hot as the scorehing flames, was scarcely uttered before Mr. Ludolph's lips were closed forever. He and his ambitious dream perished in a moment, and he was summoned to the other world to learn what his proud reason scoffed at in

For a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a lond voice seemed to short almost in his

"The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing perhaps in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he never imagined that the north side In an agony of fear and anxiety he put

forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle Street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly persuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shricking, frenzied, terror-stricken, throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral difference was represented there, Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the swill demogracy of the hour, brushed sgainst thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled under foot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes save those in which they sprang from their beds. Altogether it was a strange incongruous writhing mass of humanity such as the might seen, in its horrors, the mouth of a blanket. The family sat around crying

As Dennis entered the utter darkness a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now ders against the living mass and pushed with were falling like hail. Every few moments the twisted ticket into the muzzle of that the strongest till he emerged into the glare some woman's dress was ablaze, or some one six-shooter, and sticking the ugly looking CRISP & WILLETT, the strongest till be emerged into the glare struck by the flying brands. Shrieks for thing through the little square window of throng somewhat, he made his way rapidly being clad in woollen, escaped this peril in being clad in woollen, escaped this peril in being clad in woollen, escaped this peril in part. She stood at Dennis' side trembling face, and speaking in the tone that left no ward of the fire. But from the southwest he saw that another line of flame was bearing shut out the terrible sights.

The front door was locked, and the house ntterly dark. He rung the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a re-

"They must have escaped," he said "but, merciful heaven, there must be no The windows of the lower story were all her white arms toward the fire, and sang ancertainty in this case. What shall I do ?" strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the horses' heads; they started forward, and he New England woods of his early home the crazed lady fell over on the corpse berel, and so with no great difficulty he fied turned sharp around on the sidewalk, mounted up the trunk and dropped from an and tore their way right toward the fire, top, but the lower sash was fastened. He Dennis, fearing to stay any longer where could see the catch by the light of the fire. he was, determined to follow in their wake He broke the pane of glass nearest it, and find a street leading to the north less hoping that the crash might awaken Chris- choked, even though it might be nearer the tine, if she were still these. But after the the fire, and so with his trembling companclatter died away there was no sound. He ion he pressed forward again.

and he sighed :

"She will never love me." But there was no time for sentiment. He called loudly, "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

Holding his hand she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them into the flying throng pressing their way north and westward. Wedged into the multitude they could only move on with itin the desperate struggle forward. But fire was falling about them like a meteoric

Suddenly Christine uttered a sharp cry of pain. She had stepped on a burning cinder, and then realized for the first time, in her excitement, that her feet were bare. ously, limping and leaning heavily on Den-

"Indeed, Miss Ludolph, from my heart l "Can you save me? Oh, do you think you can save me?" she moaned in an

"Yes, I feel sure I can. At any rate . shall not leave you," and taking her a little out of the jostling crowd he knelt and bound up the burned foot with his handkerchief. A little farther on they came to a shoe-store with doors open and owners gone. Almost carrying Christine into it, for her other foot was cut and bleeding, he snatched down a pair of boy's stout gaiters, and wiping with another handkerchief the blood and dust from her tender feet, he

made the handkerchiefs answer for stockings and drew the shoes on over them. In the brief moment so occupied, Christine said, with tears in her eyes, . "Mr. Fleet, how kind you are! How little I de-

serve all this. little knew that her few words amply repaid If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter He looked up with a happy smile, and she

There was a crash in the direction of the With a cry of fear, Christine put out her hands and clang to him. "Oh, we shall perish! Are you not

"I tremble for you, Miss Ludolph. Not for yourself?"

"No ! why should I? I am safe. Heaven and mother are just beyond this tempest."
"I would give worlds for your belief."

"Come quick!" cried he, and they joined the fugitives, and for a half hour pressed forward as fast as was possible through the crooked streets, Dennis merely saying an encouraging word now and then. Suddenly she felt herself carried to one side, and falling to the ground with him. In a moment he lifted her up, and she saw with a sicken-ing terror an infuriated dray-horse plunging through the crowd, striking down men,

"Are you hurt?" he asked gently, pasforward, that they might not lose a single postage for sight of the postmaster.

"Awful! awful!" she said in a low shuddering tone. The dreadful scenes and danger were be-

ginning to overpower her. A little farther on they reached an avenue living mass moved on again.

rounded. By the side of the aristocratic mean a two-cent county must be affixed to Christine, now Baroness of Ludolph, stood every two ounces of a man-we mean the a stout Irishwoman hugging a grunting, paper county—the—man—well, we must squealing pig to her breast. A little in adcage a hook-nosed parrot that kept discordantly crying, "Polly want a cracker." At Dennis' left a delicate lady of the highest social standing clasped to her bare bosom a babe that slept as peacefully as in the luxulittle girl carrying as tenderly a large wax ticket office at Denver, and, through mis-

around a whisky bottle. One of these it, the latter refused to do so. roughs caught a glimpse of the diamond necklace, and was putting forth his blackened hand to grask it, when Dennis pointed Gudgeon's pistol at him and said : "This is law now!"

was a dray with a corpse half covered with you will have to buy it." and wringing their hands, and the driver

At last the driver, fearing for his life, sprang off his dray and left all to their fate. But a figure took his place that thrilled Dennis's heart with horror.

There on the high seat stood Susie Winthrop-rather Mrs. Learned. The light of insanity glowed in her eyes; her long hair swept away to the north, and turning toward the fiery tempest she bent forward as his mind a leetle." if looking for some one. But after a moment she sadly shook her head, as if she had sought in vain. Suddenly she reached out

O burning flakes of fiery snow, Bury me too, bury me deep ;

My lover sleeps thy banks below; Fall on me that I may sleep! At this moment a blazing brand fell upon overhanging branch to the vantage-point he trampling those down in their track, and so sought. The window was down from the vanished with their strangely assorted load. abomination, justification, hallucination, de-

What a rush of memories came over him tively clear, but in terrible proximity to the funeral the next day that it was the first as he looked around the familiar place, conflagration. Indeed, the houses were There was the spot where he stood and asked burning on each side, but the street seemed for the love that he had valued more than cleur of flame. He thought that by swiftly years,

life. There stood the easel where, through running they could get through. But Christine's gifted touch, his painted face Christine's strength was fast failing her, and had pleaded with scarcely less eloquence, just as they reached the middle of the block till he blotted it out with his own hand. In a tall brick building fell across the street bememory of it all his heart again failed him, fore them! Thus their only path of escape was blocked by a blazing mass of ruins that it would have been death to cross.

They seemed hemmed in on every side, and Dennis groaned in agony. Christine looked for a second at the impassable fiery barrier, then at Dennis, in whose face and manner she read unutterable sympathy for herself, and the truth flashed

With a piercing shrick she fainted dead away in his arms.

## Postage Rules.

If there is anything more absurd than some of the rulings and instructions of the Post-Office Department, we should like to see it. For instance, the following:

"Mail matter deposited in a post-office for mailing, on which at least one full rate "Oh, what shall I do?" she cried pite- of postage has been paid, should be forwarded to its destination charged with the unpaid rate, to be collected on delivery. The unpaid rate is double the prepaid rate, which should have been paid at the mail

This is to say, if A writes Ba letter so bulky that the postage is six cents, and only affixes one three-cent stamp, B has to pay six cents, on delivery of the letter. In this way B is punished for the ignorance or neglect of his correspondent.

We have a few improved rulings to sub-

Monthly magazines, published weekly, must be charged letter postage when deliv-

scribers, are not permitted to frank their 81 Nassau Street, If no stamp is affixed to a letter, retain it.

If you feel any doubt about a paper going with a one-cent stamp, have two sent.

dise. Post-masters are cautioned against allowing any old seeds to go through their mails, however.

Calico prints, any foreign prince, reprints and footprints, all go as printed matter, and EXCHANGED.

Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent postage paid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every two ounces of shirt. If the owners name is on the shirt, letter postage

to the northwest through which Dennis a paper is printed can take the paper, prohoped to escape. But they could make but little headway through the dense masses of drays, carriages and human beings, and at neighbor to subscribe. If he does not live last everything came to a dead lock. Their in the county in which he resides, and the only hope was to stand in their place till the paper is not printed in the same county in which its press work is done, then the counure were the scenes by which they were surleave this ruling to the discretion of the

rious nursery at home. At her side was a mountaineer entered the Union railroad doll. A diamond necklace sparkled like a circlet of fire around the lady's neck. Her take, purchased a ticket for New York via DICHARD LEWTY rusband had gone to the south side, and the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to R she had had but time to snatch this and her go over the Union Pacific. He did not disconsidered. A crowd of obscene and profane rowdies stood just behind them, and with brutal jest and coarse laughter they passed paid for and on asking the agent to change 18 years in Bloomfield. Residence, Washington Street,

"You won't change this ticket, then;

your ticket and I have the money for it, and The fellow slunk back. Just before them if you want a ticket over the other route,

stood on his seat, cursing and gesticulating ticket into a small roll; very serenely he for those in advance to move on. Some drew from under his right coat-tail a sixmoments passed, but there was no progress. shooter about the dimensions of a mountain Dennis became very anxious, for the fire was rapidly approaching, and the sparks howitzer; coolly and deliberately he stuck

> The ticket was changed immediately, and without any more words from the agent, the mountaineer walked away, saying: "I jest thought I could induce him to change

A Spanish fool frequents Paris boulevards

A man in Covington, Ky., made a bet recently that he could drink a pint and a half of Cincinnati whiskey in two hours. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. Two blocks below he found one compara- won the bet, and his wife remarked at the money he had earned at hard labor in ten

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must be charged. This rule is indelible. A subscriber residing in a county in which

A few days age a tall, rough-looking

"No, sir," replied the agent; "you have JAMES BERRY,

"Stranger, thar's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or I'll blow it clean MACKNET, WILSON & CO.,

in thin alpaca clothes and straw hat. He is earning a bet of 50,000 francs to dress in that way all Winter. A "cold wave" like that experienced in this country the past few days, might send him where he would not need any clothes at all to keep warm.

"How do you get along with your arith- T. C. Dopp, Treas. metic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered and said: "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, rivation, amputation, creation and adoption!"

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